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UNFURL THE FLAGS OF APRIL!

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Frail larch shadows glimmer liquidly
Edged with the tremor of bewildered rain;
The pines are stenciled lank and vaporously
In oscillating mist; roots writhe and strain
To one more cool wet grasp of earth: O Spring,
In hollows where the stealthy tumult hums
A vehemence of rich remembering,
Unfurl the flags of April! Beat your drums!

In every corner of the woods and valleys
Trembles the little talk of violets;
Gust after gust leaps out, flaps loose, then rallies;
The reed tastes fire, the white dove tenderly frets;
I walk on the brink of beauty shivering:
Unfurl your flags and beat your drums, O Spring!

SOMEWHERE, I KNOW

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Somewhere, I know, the sky at this bright hour
Is brighter than the long flash of the seas
Flung in a mellow curve against the breeze;
Somewhere, I know, one frail and wistful flower
Breathes to my heart more of the magic power
And pain of loveliness than all the trees
That shower ripe light on a thousand Hesperides
Leaving the stars ecstatic with the shower.

Somewhere, I know, there is an island's link
Of splendor beat and braided to the moon
Like blossom to blossom in an eternal June;
Somewhere, I know, there shines for me the brink
Of ultimate beauty, and may I thither climb
On the pale ladder of one immortal rhyme!